

# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY  
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1910.

No. 4

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.  
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

### CONTENTS OF NO. 4.

|                                                 |    |
|-------------------------------------------------|----|
| CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY . . . . .                   | 37 |
| HEAVENLY TREASURES . . . . .                    | 37 |
| THE STILL HOUR . . . . .                        | 40 |
| BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB . . . . .                | 41 |
| THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—                          |    |
| HOW TO TREAT A BOY WHO HAS DONE WRONG . . . . . | 42 |
| NATURAL HISTORY:—                               |    |
| ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS . . . . .           | 43 |
| BIOGRAPHY:—                                     |    |
| MARGARET FULLER . . . . .                       | 44 |
| FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE . . . . .                  | 45 |
| THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN . . . . .                  | 47 |
| THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE . . . . .          | 48 |
| IMPORTANT NOTICES . . . . .                     | 48 |

### CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY.

Clear was the sky and hushed the gale  
That Sabbath day in Grasmere vale,  
As if where now her Poet sleeps,  
Nature a holier Sabbath keeps:  
He lies upon her loving breast,  
The hills all watching o'er his rest,  
Beside the shore of Grasmere Lake,  
In whose still depths the moonbeams make  
Sweet copies of the quiet scene,  
Along her banks of summer green

I found the place of "Green-head Ghyll,"  
And conned old Michael's tale awhile;  
And, when the day was waning late,  
I passed the famous "Wishing Gate,"  
Where Rydal Water softly flows,  
Afraid to break its own repose,  
And came where thy tall cliff, Nabscar,  
Flings greetings to the Morning Star;  
Or Evening round thy hoary head  
Weaves thy soft cowl of sable red.

But not less lovely or sublime  
Are mountains that I used to climb:  
No skyey tint of softer hue  
Adorns Helvellyn's wall of blue,  
Nor does the Day drop sweeter smiles  
On Grasmere or Winander's isles  
Than those beneath Taghonic's eye,  
Where Berkshire's vales and landscapes lie;  
And yet thy heights must peerless stand,  
Thy glorious mountains, Westmoreland.

And from thy hills I bore away  
Chambers of fadeless imagery,  
Which clearer rise and warmer burn  
When Wordsworth's quiet page I turn,  
Who in these typic glories found  
"To what fair countries we are bound,"—  
As if in mansions of the Blest  
Our heaven must have its golden West,  
And all of earth's resplendent show  
In still diviner beauty glow.

And ever, to his prophet's view,  
The Word createth all things new.  
At his anointing touch, our sight  
Beholds the Uncreated Light;  
Sees Nature's dower of splendors won  
From worlds beyond earth's paler sun;  
Sees the Apostle's creed writ fine  
On pencilled flower and eglantine,  
And "hues from the celestial urn"  
On all our Horeb mountains burn.

O Thou, the all-creative Word!  
Beneath whom Nature owns her Lord,  
Give me the mind and heart most fit  
To read thine elder Holy Writ,  
That when from earth I bear away  
The chambers of its imagery,  
The hills beneath thy higher skies  
As old, familiar friends shall rise,  
And all of earth most pure and fair  
Bloom with immortal beauty there.  
—*Edmund H. Sears.*

### HEAVENLY TREASURES.

"Every man in the chambers of his imagery."—EZEK.  
viii. 12.  
"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."—MATT. vi.  
20.

What are these heavenly treasures? They  
are not the future happiness put in contrast  
with the present. They are not possessions  
reserved only in some dim and uncertain  
Future beyond the grave. What is far  
off in another world will always look shad-  
owy and unreal, and subject to a thousand  
happenings. What is present and tangible  
is sure; hence, the worldly man's maxim,  
"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."  
Food and drink are real things. As to what  
will be after death, that is contingent, he  
thinks, and hangs on the links of theologic  
syllogisms. But the contrast is not between

earthly treasures and heavenly, as if one were now and here and the other then and there. Both are now and here, one transitory, as the summer foliage, the other unchanging as the throne of God.

I. Passing from what is negative to what is positive, we say, first, there are treasures of the mind. There are what the prophet calls "chambers of imagery." Our life has two great divisions. There is the period when we acquire and lay up material of thought, and there is the period when we fall back upon it, use it, revolve it, arrange it, and draw it forth from the mind as from a storehouse of grand and beautiful things. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," because he whose tastes have been so purified and elevated as to enjoy any kind of good has stored his mind so far forth with riches that can never fade. This world will pass away from you, but it is leaving imprints which cannot pass away. They whose minds have acquired nothing are poor and wretched in their own emptiness when compelled to be alone or cut off from external things. But a mind well stored has abundant resources always in the halls of imagery. You remember the case of the Danish traveller, Niebuhr, who lived over amid the furniture of his inmost mind the things he had seen, and enjoyed them more hugely than in the senses themselves, when "the deep intense sky of Asia, with its brilliant and twinkling stars which he had gazed at by night, or its lofty vault of blue by day, was reflected in the hours of stillness and darkness on his inmost soul." And perhaps more remarkable yet was the case of that blind old man whose mind was aflame with light just in the degree that his senses went out in darkness; when the bursting treasures of the mind within, the accumulated wealth of years, arranged themselves at his creative word, and unrolled in rhythmic order, and sang themselves in the "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," which have charmed the world ever since, suggesting to us the thought that the songs of heaven itself will have richness in them only to those whose souls contribute something to the melodies.

Treasures of the mind become in this point of view of vast importance to our future happiness, even if there were no delight in acquisition. O my younger hearers! you who are in the first period of acquisition, if you knew how much is depending upon it,—if you knew that in the second period which is coming on apace, the intellect is to emerge poor and bare, with no resources

in itself and no fitness for the higher intercourse, unless now you replenish its chambers,—you would take every opportunity to furnish them well, and

"In after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure, then thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies."

There is the laying up of inward treasures that keeps them ever on the increase. He who aims at the highest usefulness here will put these treasures into his plan of culture. Wisdom evolved from experience, knowledge ever enlarging from plans of reading, observing, and thinking, the chambers of imagery lengthening out into Florentine galleries with every new step of progress,—all these are storing up every day in the treasures of the mind; and so, when youth has passed, there is something better to appear than decay and wrinkles,—precious fruits, golden clusters of it, not subject to corruption, but ripe for immortality. There are conditions for the right building of the heavenly mansion which is to contain our choicest treasures and whose foundations should be laid now and here.

II. But again there are spiritual treasures. These "chambers of imagery" contain something more than intellectual furniture. The fashion of this world will pass away, but it will have left on our minds within prints and copies of itself. What we have said and done and intended, and when and where,—all these are sketched on the canvas of the soul and rolled up and folded away for a day of judgment. Hence, Christ says that on that day for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give an account thereof. So Paul, as I render him, "We must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every man may carry away from his body what he appropriated to himself while in the body, whether it be good or whether it be evil." It is the unrolling of the canvas in these halls of imagery which is to show our condemnation or our acquittal in the great and inevitable day. What we call the pleasures of a good conscience or the tortures of a guilty one would hardly exist to us were it not for these chambers of imagery. Sometimes the pictures in them seem to have faded out or to be overlaid by new and more gaudy colors; but there is an Artist who holds a brush so delicate and true as to reproduce them in vivid outline when he deems it necessary to bring us into clearer self-



knowledge and self-convictions, and only the reception of his great atonement through our inward renewal and the dawn of a heavenly life can throw them into the obscuring shade where they will glare upon us no more.

III. But beside all these are the treasures of faith; and please distinguish between the objects of faith, which only inspire hope and expectation, and those which become a present possession, and, therefore, the treasures of the soul. There is Christian truth which is only a theory and a speculation, and which one may hold, along with any kind or any amount of practical unrighteousness. There may be the soundest and most perfect believing, which is nothing but a floating theory that never touches the ground. There are two kinds of Christianity. There is one which floats in the air, which lives in the discussions and sometimes in the disputes and quarrels of Christian believers,—theories of salvation which some will tell you a man must hold in order that his heaven hereafter may be secure. There are doctrines about God and about Christ, and about the relation which subsists between them, which may be true and of vast importance, but which, nevertheless, may be only doctrines of faith and not treasures of faith. No truth is ours till we have in some sort lived it: no doctrine of the gospel has become fairly our possession till it has entered into our vital experience. "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come and make our abode with him." You might take all the precepts of Jesus out of their connection and away from his divine personality, and adopt them as prudential maxims of conduct. And why will not that be all-sufficient, and why may we not just as well leave Christ away behind us and out of the account altogether, if only we take his words and practise them as abstract moral principles? Because you want not only his words, but his life that throbs through them, not only the practice, but the spirit thereof; and this comes from obedience and discipleship, for they bring you into tender and blissful relations with him in whom dwells the fulness of the God-head. "If any man love me," he makes an essential condition; for it is the love of Christ that expels all the hatreds and angers, and the pride of life which our moral behavior may cover over, but which we carry along with us until Christ himself be formed within; and, meeting us in the humble path of obedience and discipleship, the Divine Truth and Love, as they

are in Jesus, come and make their abode with us. By obedience in the spirit of personal discipleship the doctrines of faith pass from shadowy speculations into golden treasures,—treasures in heaven not laid up in reserve in some far-off and contingent future, but in the heaven whose dawn is in the soul, and out of whose experience of love and peace the sons of God already are shouting for joy.

Treasures of the mind, treasures of the soul, and treasures of faith, then, are the riches laid up in heaven. They are what we have now and here, if at all; and they are what we shall continue to have when these changing fashions of earth and sense and this outward circumstance of clay have passed away from us forever. And you are only to imagine yourself without them to conceive what the future retribution is to be. One might well shrink from an application of this subject when we see what multitudes are toiling to acquire, or how deeply buried they are in the conditions of sense and matter. To the outward eye it would almost seem that there are whole classes of people who wear the human form, whose life is so faintly distinguishable from that of the animal, that, when the body falls away from them, there will be nothing left; that there is not spiritual life enough in them to "shoot the gulf of death" and come up on the other side. But all progress and discovery and all the explorations of our own mysterious nature confirm the Christian doctrine of man's inherent immortality, that it is inborn, not conferred or acquired. I believe in its lands and its deathless dwellings just as much as I believe in the continents over the sea. But the old half-Jewish, half-pagan doctrine of retribution the Church has nearly done with. No, it is not the wrath to come that men have to fear. There is no divine anger to be quenched in blood and no rewards for factitious or substituted righteousness. There is something surer and nigh at hand that men have to fear, whose culture is only sense deep, and who depend on this outward show for all that they enjoy. For, when all this is shut off from them, what is there left? Poverty, destitution, the sandy deserts of the mind, the squalor and the want and the outer darkness of mind and soul. For we carry away with us only what was in the body; and, if there was nothing in the body but the soul's squalor and nakedness, these are all which can emerge on the other side.

"Their words do follow them." Our

doctrine is an ever-fresh incitement to the Christian believer whose life is a continuous accumulation of heavenly treasures. Our chambers of imagery should be an ever-lengthening gallery reaching continuously through time and into eternity and bridging over the dreaded gulf that lies between. The essential conditions of happiness are given us here: no different ones will be afforded after we have passed over to the other side. Always our Past must follow us, here and through the endless Future, and our Present will be the resultant of all our forces behind us which we have chosen to bring into play. There are two ranges of mountains in Palestine, standing over against each other, on one of which were pronounced the curses of the Law, and on the other the promises and benedictions. I should take these to symbolize our past history. There is a Mount Ebal and a Mount Gerizim in every one's experience, if he has truly had a probation and a history. They rise up in the past, the one blackened and ragged and with voices of malediction, showing forth all that is painful in our biography and all the crosses and frowns of the Divine Providence. From the other come the promises and blessings. But, as we journey on, one or the other becomes obscured and finally disappears from sight. Clouds of oblivion roll over it and hide it. Sometimes one disappears, sometimes the other. Sometimes it is Ebal, black and portentous, that takes up the whole retrospect, flinging its shadows and maledictions over all the future way. Or, again, it is Gerizim looming up in splendors made bright in the westering sun. Ebal has gone clean out of sight, and the promises and benedictions come louder and clearer, and fill our whole space with sphere-melodies and prophecies of things to be. We may not annihilate our past, but it depends on our choice which shall stand out bold in the eternal sunshine and which shall disappear in the obscuring shade. May yours be the mount of benedictions, lengthening on forever and forever, over which the Saviour's Beatitudes shall come without ceasing, and the approving voice of the Infinite Father, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Edmund H. Sears.*

The head believes in God by means of argument: the heart sees him. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The intellect reasons about immortality: the heart knows it.

J. F. C.

## THE STILL HOUR.

### THE BOOK OF NATURE.

There is a book who runs may read  
Which heavenly truth imparts;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who has given us eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give us a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere.

—*John Keble.*

O my loving Father, I am not content to serve thee and do the work thou hast given me to do. I desire to abide in thee, and enter into the joy of holy communion. Thou art more than a Master, thou art my Father and Friend. While, therefore, I obey thy will as a devoted servant, I would give my love, my heart, my life unto thee and rejoice exceedingly in thy company. The very thought that thou art near me must give me joy, or thou art not dear to me. Thy name must be sweeter far to me than any other sound, however pleasant, or my heart has loved thee not. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so must I seek the light of thy countenance at all times; for it is sweet to behold the face of my truest Friend and my dearest Father. Consent then, O Lord, to dwell in the recesses of my heart, and graciously guide me and gladden me with the light of thy presence. May it not fall to my lot to offer thee the heartless services of outward morality. Teach me to love thee and thy work and help me to find strength and consolation and reward in the fact that thou art in me and I am in thee, united forever in the tie of love.—"*Alone to the Alone,*" F. P. Cobbe.



## THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club, to be printed here.

## OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Coolidge Point, Magnolia, Mass., offers several copies of "The Christian Doctrine of Prayer" and "The Problem of the Fourth Gospel," by James Freeman Clarke. Ministers and students will have the preference in sending for these; also a number of old magazines (*McClure's*, *The Cosmopolitan*, etc.), which might be acceptable in places where books are scarce.

## REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Rev. W. R. Chapman, Bealeton, Virginia, asks for a copy of July, 1909, *St. Nicholas*.

2. Mrs. C. L. Harris, Ithaca, New York, wife of a Methodist minister, has a class of fifteen boys. Any reading helpful to these boys will be of benefit to her, as well as a help to the boys. Then, again, reading that would help in children's meetings, public concerts for the little folk, marches, motion songs, or anything suitable for such work, will be gratefully received and fully appreciated.

3. Mrs. Mary F. Floyd, Athens, Texas, Route 1, Box 28, a mother of five children, two girls, three boys, from thirteen years to six, will be glad of suitable reading.

4. Miss Lucy Rogers, Halifax, North Carolina, Rural Route No. 2, would be glad to receive literature, books, magazines, etc. She would like especially to have the *Delin-eator* and the *Woman's Home Companion* for herself and mother, and some good child's paper for her little niece.

5. Dear Mrs. Nichols,—I have a "brood" of boys (sons) who have quite a literary

"bent." I am pecuniarily unable to purchase reading matter for them. Will some one be so good as to send the *Youth's Companion* to my address for them, after he or she has read the *Companion*? The *Companion*, and any book calculated to enrich a boy intellectually, morally, and physically, would be gladly received. Rev. C. W. Johnson, Ben Hur, Arkansas.

6. Miss Josie Beazley, Beaverdam, Virginia, asks for White's "Mythology," "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm."

7. Miss Marie Harrison, Alvin, Texas, will be glad of *Ladies' Home Journal*, "Capitola's Peril," and "Self-raised."

8. Miss Annie Burns, Price, North Carolina, will be glad of reading suitable for children.

9. It has been quite a while since I have written to the *Cheerful Letter*. I am just now able to sit up from a two weeks' spell of illness. My doctor tells me my time here on earth is about at an end, but I am ready to go. I want to send my heartfelt thanks to all who have sent me so much nice reading. The letters from some of my dear pen-friends have been a solace to me when life seemed almost too much of a burden. I would like to read "Pilgrim's Progress" and one book entitled "Matter of Fact," also I would like one speech book for a little orphan girl that I am raising, eight years old. Her name is Ona Holley. I have one orphan boy also. I have one girl of my own, nineteen years old, and one boy fifteen years old. All like to read. I send you names of some good widows I know, who are members of our Rebekah Lodge. Mrs. Virgie Yancy, Mrs. Rettie Bucklin (?), Mrs. Delia Ivins, all of Rector, Arkansas. Mrs. E. F. Low, Rector, Arkansas, R. F. D. 2, Box 41.

10. Mrs. M. E. James, Unionville, North Carolina, Route 2, Box 700, asks for papers or books.

11. Joseph Haseltine, Summit, South Dakota, asks for a History of Scotland or of Massachusetts.

12. Miss Lilian Carpenter, Century, Florida, would like some reading suitable for young people.

13. Mrs. Myrtle Rodgers, Wilder, Montana, will enjoy magazines.

14. *Good Housekeeping*, 1910, is asked for by Mrs. Emma Baldwin, Lineville, Iowa.

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. George N. Lawrence from Fishtrap, Montana, to Spokane, Washington, R. F. D. 4.

Mrs. James Newcomb is now at Pearsall, Texas.

#### THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

##### WHEN A BOY HAS DONE WRONG.

(Continued from last number.)

When she entered the parlor again, after going downstairs, Mr. True asked her if there was anything the matter with John.

"I hope John is not sick," said he.

"No," replied Mrs. True, "he is not sick, but he wants to see you."

"Me!" repeated Mr. True, surprised.

"Yes," said Mrs. True; "he has done something wrong, and he wants to tell you about it."

"Dear little fellow!" said Mr. True. "I'll go right up and see him."

So Mr. True went up the circular staircase, round and round, until he came to John's door. He walked immediately up to John's bedside, and put out his arms, and, taking John up in them, he said, in a very kind and almost playful tone, "Johnny, my boy, come and see me."

So saying, he lifted John out of bed, and gently laid his head down upon his shoulder, and carried him off out of the room.

John wondered where his father was going to carry him.

He was not, however, at all afraid; for his father was so gentle and tender with him when taking him out of his bed, and the tones of his voice were so kind, that John knew very well that he had no cause to anticipate any harsh or severe treatment. Indeed, his feelings were soothed, and his anxiety and distress were greatly quieted by his father's kind and sympathizing manner.

I think that there is no time in which children need kindness, or feel it more sensibly, than when they have been doing wrong and are in a state of suspense and perplexity—just at the turning-point between coming back again to duty and truth, and going farther and farther away. The kind of treatment which they receive from their parents in these emergencies, whether

compassionate and gentle or harsh and severe, often determines the question irrevocably one way or the other. Let those parents in whose hands this book may fall bear this in mind.

Mr. True opened the door which led into his own bedroom. There was a small fire burning in a fireplace.

Mr. True took a dressing-gown down from a wardrobe and wrapped it about John, and then sat down with him in a great easy-chair that stood by the side of the fire. John was rather large to sit in his father's lap, but still his father could hold him pretty well.

"Now, Johnny," said Mr. True, as soon as he was comfortably seated, "what is it?"

So John began, and told his father all about the affair of his going away down Broadway the day before instead of going to school, very much as he had told it to his mother. Mr. True asked him questions from time to time, as John went on with his account, and John answered them; and thus, at length, the whole story was told.

"And that is the whole of it?" said Mr. True, when John had at length finished the account.

"Yes, sir," said John, "that is all."

Then there was a short pause.

"Well, now, Johnny," said Mr. True, at length, after he had been thinking a little while of what John had told him, "if you had not told me of this, but, if I had found it out some other way, I should have thought it a very serious business,—a very serious business, indeed. I don't know what I should have done about it. I should have been very much troubled; but, since you have told me of it, I don't think it is very serious, and I am not troubled about it at all. I am sure you will not do so again. I have no doubt that you were enticed away, and that you would not have done so if you had been left to yourself. But, however that may be, I am sure you won't do so again. So now you may consider the affair entirely settled, and never think any more about it at all.

"Only always, after this," continued Mr. True, "whenever you find that you have done anything wrong and feel unhappy about it, do as you have done now,—come right to mother and me. You'll always find your father and mother your very best friends and the very best persons to get you out of any trouble you get into, no matter what it is."

"Yes, sir," said John, "I think you are."

Mr. True then began talking to John about other things, in order to amuse him



and to divert his attention from the painful subject which had so distressed his mind. He told him several funny stories, and finally succeeded in making him laugh quite heartily. When, at length, he thought that his little son's peace and happiness were restored, he carried him back to his room and put him into his bed again. Then, after asking him if he had said his prayers, and being answered by John that he had, he bade him good-night.—“*John True,*” by Jacob Abbott.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### WHAT THE RHINOCEROS DID FOR HIS FRIEND THE HUNTER.

(Continued from last number.)

The third morning of my sojourn at the “Black Lakes,” and therefore the third day of my acquaintance with the “Rhinoceros Major,” I was dreaming that I was surrounded by wild beasts of every ferocious kind, as numerous as formidable. The agreeable host was flanked by serpents, seemingly bent upon discovering the longitude in their own development, being far longer than any I had seen when awake. I was at a loss to know which to kill first, thinking it more probable I should be killed first myself, when I fancied I heard a bugle sound the “charge.” The note was cheering, it promised help; but I could not look round to see who was coming to the rescue, as I needed all my eyes to watch my assailants. Matters seemed to grow worse, my anxiety grew more intense; but another blast reassured me, and then another, louder still, awoke me just as I was pulling the trigger. I lost a capital shot at a grim old tiger,—a “man-eater,”—but, though vexed at that, I was glad to find the whole affair but a dream, all but the trumpeting. That continued, though it came not from a British bugle, but from my sturdy friend, the rhinoceros, who was beneath my aerial bed-chamber, very impatient and making a terrible noise, mingling blasts of challenge and defiance with those sounds which denoted grief at receiving no response from me. I thought I had overslept myself, but my watch showed the hour was yet early. I could only wonder the more at the din made by the “Rhino,” who had certainly no successful rival in that accomplishment. He showed more earnestness and impatience than I had ever seen him reveal before. My next thought was that he was suffering from his wound, that he wanted me to dress it. I drew on my snake-boots to go down, and then, looking at him,

I saw his head was turned upward towards the next tree to the one I inhabited. I looked in the same direction, and saw quite enough to account for “Rhino’s” uneasiness, which was not upon his account, but wholly on mine. In the tree, and upon the nearest branch to the branch upon which I slept, one of the largest and most hideously ugly black panthers I ever saw in my life was staring fixedly at me, as if fully bent upon risking a spring upon me, even at the great distance I was from him. That he was driven to the effort by the fiercest pangs of hunger, I could see. He was long, lean, gaunt, and mangy, all denoting starvation, and all revealing the disagreeable fact that he was a confirmed “man-eater.” His restless eyes, although fixed in their gaze upon me, darted quickly with a fiery expression from side to side in their orbits, as if glancing from one of my shoulders to the other and back again, unceasingly. That he would have made the spring, which must have been fatal to me, if he had touched any part of me long before I woke I was sure, but for the presence of the rhinoceros, whose uplifted horn, as he stood on the ground beneath, made any failure in the spring certain death to the panther. “Thanks for your care and warning,” I involuntarily said to “Rhino,” and I said it very gratefully. I saw the distance was within a panther’s compass. I had often seen as much space cleared by one when spurred by hunger, and I was quite sure only the presence of the faithful rhinoceros had saved me from a disagreeable mauling in my sleep. There was not a campanella in the neighborhood, or I should have been warned of the panther’s coming. The bird never neglects that duty. But for “Rhino” the beast would have risked the leap. He might not have secured a hold upon the tree in which I slept, in which case he would have fallen to the ground, dragging me with him. Alone, I should have had a fearful mangling, at least; but “Rhino” would have poked his horn into the brute the moment he reached the earth. Well, the beast knew that. All animals fear that horn. Those that never saw a rhinoceros before shudder at and shrink from it. I levelled my roer. The “Captain,” I think, knew what would follow. He was all alive with expectancy. I pulled; the bolt crashed through the os frontis of the demonlike head, and with a loud “thud” the beast fell upon the earth. The “Captain” blew a blast never heard from any instrument blown by man. Giving me one brief satisfied glance, he sturdily moved to the panther, lying with a hole in his head that must have

let life out of any created beast. One paw moved. The "Captain" placed his horn beneath the centre of the carcass and sent it up "sky high," to fall again as heavily as before. The "Captain" cunningly eyed the ascension, and, when at the highest point of elevation, where the body seemed poised for an instant, forth came a blast of warping and defiance to all panthers. Then he waited for the descent to repeat the exaltation. How many times the creature went skyward I do not know. What falls did not accomplish, the solid stampings of "Rhino's" massive feet did. He seemed resolved to make that panther a caution to all others.—*Temple Bar.*

### BIOGRAPHY.

MARGARET FULLER.

I am disposed to think, much as she excelled in general conversation, that her greatest mental efforts were made in intercourse with individuals. All her friends will unite in the testimony that, whatever they may have known of wit and eloquence in others, they have never seen one who, like her, by the conversation of an hour or two, could not merely entertain and inform, but make an epoch in one's life. We all dated back to this or that conversation with Margaret, in which we took a complete survey of great subjects, came to some clear view of a difficult question, saw our way open before us to a higher plane of life, and were led to some definite resolution or purpose which has had a bearing on all our subsequent career; for Margaret's conversation turned at such times to life,—its destiny, its duty, its prospect. With comprehensive glance she would survey the past, and sum up, in a few brief words, its results: she would then turn to the future, and, by a natural order, sweep through its chances and alternatives, passing ever into a more earnest tone, into a more serious view, and then bring all to bear on the present, till its duties grew plain and its opportunities attractive. Happy he who can lift conversation without loss of its cheer to the highest uses! Happy he who has such a gift as this, an original faculty thus accomplished by culture, by which he can make our common life rich, significant, and fair, can give to the hour a beauty and brilliancy which shall make it eminent long after, amid dreary years of level routine!

I recall many such conversations. I remember one summer's day, in which we

rode together on horseback from Cambridge to Newton,—a day all of a piece, in which my eloquent companion helped me to understand my past life and her own,—a day which left me in that calm repose which comes to us, when we clearly apprehend what we ought to do, and are ready to attempt it. I recall other mornings when, not having seen her for a week or two, I would walk with her for hours beneath the lindens or in the garden, while we related to each other what we had read in our German studies. And I always left her astonished at the progress of her mind, at the amount of new thoughts she had garnered, and filled with a new sense of the worth of knowledge and the value of life.

There were other conversations, in which, impelled by the strong instinct of utterance, she would state, in words of tragical pathos, her own needs and longings, her demands on life, the struggles of mind, and of heart, her conflicts with self, with nature, with the limitations of circumstances, with insoluble problems, with an unattainable desire. She seemed to feel relief from the expression of these thoughts, though she gained no light from her companion. Many such conversations I remember, while she lived in Cambridge, and one such in Groton; but, afterwards when I met her, I found her mind risen above these struggles and in a self-possessed state which needed no such outlet for its ferment.

Of Margaret's studies while at Cambridge I knew personally only of the German. She already, when I first became acquainted with her, had become familiar with the masterpieces of French, Italian, and Spanish literature. But all this amount of reading had not made her "deep learned in books and shallow in herself"; for she brought to the study of most writers "a spirit and genius equal or superior,"—so far, at least, as the analytic understanding was concerned. Every writer whom she studied, as every person whom she knew, she placed in his own class, knew his relation to other writers, to the world, to life, to nature, to herself. Much as they might delight her, they never swept her away. She breasted the current of their genius, as a stately swan moves up a stream, enjoying the rushing water the more because she resists it. In a passionate love-struggle she wrestled thus with the genius of De Staël, of Rousseau, of Alfieri, of Petrarch.

Margaret began to study German early in 1832. Both she and I were attracted towards this literature, at the same time, by the wild bugle-call of Thomas Carlyle, in



his romantic articles on Richter, Schiller, and Goethe, which appeared in the old *Foreign Review*, the *Edinburgh Review*, and afterwards in the *Foreign Quarterly*.—James Freeman Clarke, "*Biography of Margaret Fuller*."

### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

At a dinner given to the military and naval officers who had served in the Crimean War, it was suggested that each guest should write on a slip of paper the name of the person whose services during the late campaign would be longest remembered by posterity. When the papers were examined, each bore the same name,—“Florence Nightingale.”

Florence Nightingale was born on May 12, 1820, at the Villa Colombaia, near Florence, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Shore Nightingale of Lea, Derbyshire, were staying.

Mr. Nightingale was far in advance of the county gentry of his time in matters of education and culture. Sport had no special attraction for him; but he was a student, a lover of books, and a connoisseur in art. As a landlord he had a sincere desire to benefit the people on his estates. He was the chief supporter of what was then called “the cheap school,” where the boys and girls, if they did not go through the higher standards of the present-day schools, at least learned the three R’s for twopence a week.

Florence Nightingale’s mother was Frances Smith, daughter of William Smith of Parndon, in Essex, who for some years was M.P. for Norwich. He was a pronounced abolitionist, took wide and liberal views on the questions of the time, and was noted for his interest in various branches of philanthropy. Mrs. Nightingale was imbued with her father’s spirit, and was noted for her great kindness and benevolence to the poor.

It was from her mother, whom she greatly resembled, that Florence Nightingale inherited the spirit of wide philanthropy and the desire to break away in some measure from the bonds of caste which warped the county gentry in her early days, and devote herself to humanitarian work. She was also fortunate in having a father who believed that a girl’s head could carry something more than elegant accomplishments and a knowledge of cross-stitch. While our heroine’s mother trained her in deeds of benevolence, her father inspired her with a love for knowledge and guided her studies

on lines much in advance of the usual education given to young ladies at that period.

Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale had only two children,—Frances, afterward Lady Verney, and Florence, about a year younger.

When quite a child, Florence Nightingale showed characteristics which pointed to her vocation in life. Her dolls were always in a delicate state of health, and required the utmost care. Florence would undress and put them to bed with many cautions to her sister not to disturb them. She soothed their pillows, tempted them with imaginary delicacies from toy cups and plates, and nursed them to convalescence only to consign them to a sick bed the next day. Happily, Frances did not exhibit the same consideration for her waxen favorites, who frequently suffered the loss of a limb or got burnt at the nursery fire. Then, of course, Florence’s superior skill was needed, and she neatly bandaged poor dolly and “set” her arms and legs with a facility which might be the envy of the modern miraculous bone-setter.

The first “real live patient” of the future Queen of Nurses was Cap, the dog of an old Scotch shepherd. One day Florence was having a delightful ride over the Hampshire downs near Embley along with the vicar, for whom she had a warm affection. He took great interest in the little girl’s fondness for anything which had to do with the relief of the sick or injured, and, as his own tastes lay in that direction, he was able to give her much useful instruction. However, on this particular day, as they rode along the downs, they noticed the sheep scattered in all directions, and old Roger, the shepherd, vainly trying to collect them together.

“Where is your dog?” asked the vicar, as he drew up his horse and watched the old man’s futile efforts.

“The boys have been throwing stones at him, sir,” was the reply, “and they have broken his leg, poor beast! He will never be any good for anything again, and I am thinking of putting an end to his misery.”

“Poor Cap’s leg broken?” said a girlish voice at the clergyman’s side. “Oh, cannot we do something for him, Roger? It is cruel to leave him alone in his pain. Where is he?”

“You can’t do any good, Missy,” said the old shepherd, sorrowfully. “I’ll just take a cord to him to-night—that will be the best way to ease his pain. I left him lying in the shed over yonder.”

“Oh, can’t we do something for poor Cap?” pleaded Florence to her friend; and the

vicar, seeing the look of pity in her young face, turned his horse's head towards the distant shed where the dog lay. But Florence put her pony to the gallop and reached the shed first. Kneeling down on the mud floor, she caressed the suffering dog with her little hand, and spoke soothing words to it until the faithful brown eyes seemed to have less of pain in them and were lifted to her face in pathetic gratitude.

That look of the shepherd's dog, which touched her girlish heart on the lonely hillside, Florence Nightingale was destined to see repeated in the eyes of suffering men as she bent over them in the hospital at Scutari.

The vicar soon joined his young companion, and, finding that the dog's leg was only injured, not broken, he decided that a little careful nursing would put him all right again.

"What shall I do first?" asked Florence, all eagerness to begin nursing in real earnest.

"Well," said her friend, "I should advise a hot compress on Cap's leg."

Florence looked puzzled; for, though she had poulticed and bandaged her dolls, she had never heard about a compress. However, finding that in plain language it meant cloths wrung out of boiling water, and laid upon the affected part, she set nimbly to work under the vicar's directions. Boiling water was the first requisite, and, calling in the services of the shepherd's boy, she lighted a fire of sticks in the cottage near by, and soon had the kettle boiling.

Next thing, she looked round for cloths to make the compress. The shepherd's clean smock hung behind the door, and Florence seized it with delight, for it was the very thing.

"If I tear it up, mamma will give Roger another," she reasoned, and, at an approving nod from the vicar, tore the smock into suitable lengths for fomentation. Then, going back to the place where the dog lay, accompanied by the boy carrying the kettle and a basin, Florence Nightingale set to work to give "first aid to the wounded." Cap offered no resistance,—he had a wise confidence in his nurse,—and, as she applied the fomentations, the swelling began to go down and the pain grew less.

Florence was resolved to do her work thoroughly; and, a messenger having been despatched to allay her parents' anxiety at her prolonged absence, she remained for several hours in attendance on her patient.

In the evening old Roger came slowly and sorrowfully towards the shed, carrying the fatal rope; but no sooner did he put his

head in at the door than Cap greeted him with a whine of pleasure and tried to come towards him.

"Deary me, Missy," said the old shepherd in astonishment, "why, you have been doing wonders! I never thought to see the poor dog greet me again."

"Yes, doesn't he look better?" said the youthful nurse, with pardonable pride. "You can throw away that rope now, and help me to make compresses."

"That I will, Missy," said Roger, and, stooping down, beside Florence and Cap, he was initiated into the mysteries.

"Yes," said the vicar, "Miss Florence is quite right, Roger. Your dog will soon be able to walk again if you give it a little rest and care."

"I am sure I can't thank your reverence and the young lady enough," replied the shepherd, quite overcome at the sight of his faithful dog's look of content and the thought that he would not lose him after all; "and you may be sure, sir, I will carry out the instructions."

"But I shall come again to-morrow, Roger," interposed Florence, who had no idea of giving up her patient yet. "I know mamma will let me when I tell her about poor Cap." After a parting caress to the dog and many last injunctions to Roger, Florence mounted her pony and rode away with the vicar, her young heart very full of joy. She had really helped to lessen pain, if only for a dumb creature; and the grateful eyes of the suffering dog stirred a new feeling in her opening mind. She longed to be always doing something for somebody, and the poor people on her father's estates soon learned what a kind friend they had in Miss Florence. They grew also to have unbounded faith in her skill, and, whenever a pet animal was sick or injured, the owner would contrive to let "Miss Florence" know.

She and her sister were encouraged by Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale in a love of animals, and were allowed to have many pets. It was characteristic of Florence that her heart went out to the less favored ones, those which, owing to old age or infirmity, were taken little notice of by the servants and farm-men. She was particularly attached to Peggy, an old gray pony, long since past work, who spent her days in the paddock at Lea Hurst. Florence never missed a morning, if she could help it, without going to talk to Peggy, who knew her footstep and would come trotting up to the gate, ready to meet her young mistress. Then would follow some good-natured sport.

"Would you like an apple, poor old



Peggy?" Florence would say, as she fondled the pony's neck; "then look for it."

At this invitation Peggy would put her nose to the dress pocket of her little visitor and discover the delicacy. Or it might be a carrot, held well out of sight, which Peggy was invited to play hide-and-seek for. If the stable cat had kittens, it was Florence who gave them a welcome and fondled and played with the little creatures before any one else noticed them. She had, too, a quick eye for a hedge-sparrow's nest, and would jealously guard the brooding mother's secret until the fledglings were hatched and ready to fly. Some of the bitterest tears of her childhood were shed over the broken-up homes of some of her feathered friends. The young animals in the fields were quickly won by her kind nature, and would come bounding towards her.—"*Life of Florence Nightingale*," Sarah A Tooley.

Without faith in the immortal progress of the soul, it does not seem worth while to pursue human improvement here. We need the conviction of our infinite destiny to make our finite life worth living.

J. F. C.

### THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN:

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

#### I.

##### SEPTEMBER HISTORY.

|      |   |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|------|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| (1)  | † | -  | 26 | 27 | *  | 6  | -  | -  | 3  | -  |
| (2)  | - | 8  | -  | †  | *  | -  | 10 | 14 | -  | 13 |
| (3)  | - | 9  | *  | †  | -  | -  | -  | -  | -  | 15 |
| (4)  | † | 30 | 31 | -  | *  | 21 | -  | -  | -  | -  |
| (5)  | - | 25 | -  | †  | 19 | -  | *  | 12 | -  | -  |
| (6)  | - | -  | †  | *  | -  | 17 | 18 | -  | -  | -  |
| (7)  | † | -  | *  | -  | -  | -  | -  | -  | -  | -  |
| (8)  | 7 | †  | *  | -  | 11 | -  | 24 | -  | -  | -  |
| (9)  | † | 34 | 33 | -  | 23 | *  | -  | -  | -  | -  |
| (10) | - | 20 | 2. | -  | *  | 28 | †  | -  | 32 | -  |
| (11) | - | -  | 4  | 5  | †  | 29 | -  | *  | 22 | 16 |

Write the required names horizontally on the diagram in numerical order, one letter to a character.

1. A British general who fought in the American Revolution. 2. An American general, to whom he surrendered. 3. A Polish

count who lost his life fighting with the Americans, in the Revolution. 4. A county of Mississippi. 5. An American river that empties into the Pacific. 6. A city in Georgia. 7. A county in New York. 8. A secretary of navy under Roosevelt. 9. A country of Asia. 10. A secretary of war under Johnson and Grant. 11. A county of Kentucky.

The star path downward spells the only President born in September. The dagger path downward spells a Mexican war battle, fought Sept. 12-14, 1847. The numbered letters 1 to 11 a civil war battle, fought Sept. 19-20, 1863. 12 to 19 a civil war battle fought Sept. 17, 1862. 20 to 29, the only State admitted in September. 30 to 34, the British major who was condemned to death as a spy, after being captured at Tarrytown, N.Y., Sept. 23, 1780.—*American Boy*.

#### II.

##### NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Famous Men.—Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

1, 2, 18, 1, 8, 1, 13 — 12, 9, 14, 3, 15, 12, 14, a President of the United States.

3, 8, 1, 18, 12, 5, 19 — 3, 15, 18, 14, 23, 1, 12, 12, 9, 19, a British general.

8, 5, 18, 14, 1, 14, 4, 15 — 3, 15, 18, 20, 5, 19, the conqueror of Mexico.

10, 15, 8, 14 — 4, 18, 25, 4, 5, 14, an English poet.

10, 15, 8, 1, 14, 14 — 11, 5, 16, 12, 5, 18, a famous German astronomer.

#### III.

##### HALF SQUARE.

1. One of the States of the Union.
2. The lowest female voice.
3. A Japanese statesman.
4. An adverb.
5. A vowel.

Answers to Puzzles in the July-August Number.

I. CHANGED INITIALS.—1. H—all C—all. 2. C—at H—at. 3. O-re I-re. 4. B-ig. P-ig. 5. T-ile P-ile. 6. A-go E-go. 7. B-ar W-ar. 8. O-dd A-dd. Chip-pewa.

II. METAGRAM.—1. dear. 2. pear. 3. rear. 4. near. 5. gear. 6. fear.

III. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.—John Dryden.

IV. HALF SQUARE.—C U P I D  
U N I T  
P I E  
I T  
D

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

## OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

There will be no monthly meeting in October. The first meeting for this autumn will be held Friday, November 4, at 25 Beacon Street, at 10.30 A.M.

## LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Irene C. Rees, 51 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The *Home Study Work* of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Chairman, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.